

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

NO.

## A GREAT SCHEME!

Why not make your dollars out of rubber? That's a great scheme. Then they'll stretch. It's a pretty hard matter to make a five dollar bill stretch over a ten dollar purchase. But until rubber dollars are made.

### Harry-Belk Bros. Co.

Will come to meet you, you will think they have a wonderfully expanding purchasing power, equal to rubber. Listen

#### Dress Goods:

50 in. all wool homespun worth 75c at 50c per yd. 10 pieces 40c plaids to close out quick at 12c. Yard-wide percales at 5c per yard, cheap at 8c. Good ginghams 2 1/2c. Good calico 3 1/2c. Outing 6c.

Ladies' heavy knit vests 20c value at 10c, ladies' button shoes 50c, button, patent tip shoe at \$1.00, cheap at \$1.50.

Mens' Brogans 50c, 65c, 85c, \$1.00 and up to the best patent Vici \$5 shoe on the market. \$1.25 shoe at 98c. \$2.50 shoe at \$1.98. \$3.50 shoe at \$3.00.

In our Clothing and Hat department you can save 25 to 50 percent.

You will wonder how it is possible to buy new up-to-date goods at the prices we offer them. We bought them right and are able to offer them to you at unheard of prices. Special attention to mail orders.

### Harry-Belk Bros. Co.,

Cheapest Store on Earth.

225 SOUTH ELM STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C.

**\$16.00 Cash** } freight 1.50 } **\$14.50**  
16.00

Buys our new **ALAMANCE** Sewing Machine. Works as well as many machines costing \$30. We also handle Domestic, New Home, White, Ideal and 6 or 8 other kinds.

**\$24** Buys one style of our Farrant organs others \$35 to \$1200. 313 sold this year in 9 months past.

ELLIS MACHINE & MUSIC CO.,  
C. B. ELLIS, Manager.  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

### THE NORTHWESTERN'S

unequaled dividend record is the result of:  
FIRST: Securing the highest rate of interest consistent with safety.  
SECOND: Alike economy of management.  
THIRD: Low death rate, resulting from a careful selection of risks and limiting its business to the United States.

It will be to your interest to see what we can do for you before placing your life in our hands.

Good territory open for Agents in North Carolina.

### T. ARCHIBALD CARY, GENERAL AGENT,

FOR VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1201 E. MAIN ST., RICHMOND, VA.

## AMES & BURKE,

169 Main St., Norfolk, Va.

### PIANOS & ORGANS

Sole Agents in this territory for Knabe, Vose & Son, Smith & Barnes, and Webster Pianos; Story & Clark and other Organs. Aside from instruments, we are wholesale and retail agents for several others.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

Pianos and organs sold on easy payments. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. A postal card will bring you full information and save you from 10 to 25 per cent.

## AMES & BURK,

### TIMBER WANTED!

I will pay CASH for Maple, White Poplar, Birch and Ash. I buy in any quantity, delivered at your nearest railroad station or at my factory. All timber to be cut 52 inches. All timber must be 6 in. in diameter and up, also sound, straight and free from knots.

Will pay for Maple \$6.00, Birch \$4.50, Ash \$5.00, White Poplar \$4.00. Prices named are for cords, 128 cubic feet.

### R. B. FAUST, Burlington.

WE DO JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS.

## LOVE LIES BLEEDING

"But Bob, it's hopeless, impossible. I was mad when I asked her to be my wife. I should be madder still if I persisted. She has a shady history, though not her fault of course. Between ourselves it's the kind of thing that would do for a man utterly if he married her. Oh! I know it's an awful thing to say, but you and I are like brothers, and I must try and explain it to you. You know my old father? A rare good sort, but stiff as buckram and as old-fashioned as the lace on my great-grandmother's Sunday cloak. It would kill him, and I simply can't face it—that's all. Bob, I can't say any more. Will you do it?"

"Why not tell her yourself, like a man?" said I.

He made a despairing gesture. "You don't know Ivy," he said. "It's impossible, Bob, I couldn't face that; either way I am between the devil and the deep sea—the devil of my father's wrath and the deep sea of her."

"Misery," I suggested.

"Yes, I'm afraid that's the word for it," he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe with a hand that trembled. "Don't let me know anything about it, but do it, Bob; do it somehow or other—my whole future is at stake."

"I am going to do it," said I. "Give me her address and I'll go this afternoon. I merely wish to mention, however, that you are a confounded cad!"

"Is Mrs. Dare at home?" I asked, standing on the doorstep of a dingy little house off the King's road, Chelsea.

"I expect her in every moment," said the landlady graciously. "Second floor, sir! I'm afraid the stairs are rather dark."

Dark they certainly were, for I could see nothing whatever but the curtain of November fog which entirely enveloped the dingy landing. I stumbled up stairs, however, thankful that the landlady did not offer to accompany me, and entered Mrs. Dare's apartments. As I waited one or two little trifles caught my eye, and as I prided myself on being a judge of human nature they had for me their full significance.

The first was a child's headless horse, evidently thrown down after a game of play.

"Humph! Her child is often with her—an affectionate mother, therefore has a heart," said I to myself.

The second trifle was a bunch of violets standing in a cracked jug of water.

"Fond of flowers," I said. "Perhaps he used to give her violets. Yes, certainly she has a heart."

The third trifle was a volume of Shelley.

A slight rustle at the door and then the handle was quickly turned and a young woman entered the room.

"Better late than never!" she cried, addressing my back, which was all she could see.

I wheeled around at once. As she saw a stranger's face she gave a cry of horror.

"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought you were—a great friend."

"I have come from a great friend. I mean Lord Belmorris."

"Oh, is he ill? Don't, pray, don't say he is ill, for I could never get to Belgrave square and nurse him—at least."

Here she stopped and blushed.

"Oh, I know all about it," said I, "but he is not ill, Mrs. Dare. He is hunting today with the Pytheas, and tonight," I continued brutally, "he is coming to town, and he will be at the Savoy. So you see he is not ill!"

"I am glad," she said. Then looking at me with a little air of dignity. "Then why?"—said she.

I gave a gulp. The dreadful moment was coming. Why was she so young, so kind looking, so natural and simple and altogether sweet?

"I am Harold's greatest friend," I said. "Bob Hastings is my name. I know all about him, and he knows all about me."

"Sir Robert Hastings," she said. "Yes, of course, I have heard of you. Harold thinks the world of you. He always says if he were in any trouble he should go straight to you."

This was my chance. "He is in trouble," I said, "and he has come to me."

"In trouble!" said she. "Then if you know all about him, Sir Robert, you must know that it is to me he should come when he is in trouble and not to any one else in the whole world."

It was more and more difficult. She looked prettier and prettier, but I pulled myself together and told her the truth.

"He was overcome by your beauty and sweetness," said I, "and he laid his life at your feet, and it was not his to give. Mrs. Dare, it belongs to his father, whose every hope is centered in him; to his mother, to the old place which is being ruined for want of money, and to fill their hopes he must marry not only beauty and goodness, but wealth, position and rank."

"But if he does not see it in that light?" she cried, stamping her foot, while her violet eyes looked gray with anger.

"He does see it in that light," said I, "and that is why I am here. Now do you understand, Mrs. Dare?"

She looked wildly around at me, at the room, at the patch of faint blue sky to be seen from the window.

"Oh, Harold!" she said. "Oh, Harold! Harold!"

She flung herself upon the sofa, clasping in her hand the headless wooden horse. I supposed, poor soul, she did not know what she was doing. She muttered again to herself disjointed phrases in which I could only catch an echo of his name. I had done my duty, and my task, so far as Harold was concerned, was over. Few words had passed between us, but she fully understood. Something, however, kept me from leaving the room at once. I stopped by the sofa and looked down at the slight figure shaken with sobs.

"Do you love him," I asked, "even now?"

Something in my tone must have stung her, for she sprang to her feet.

"No, no, of course not! I don't love him any more. It's only my pride that suffers; that's all. Listen! I knew I was not a good match for Harold. I had no money to begin with, and a bad, I mean foolish, husband, who gambled and dragged his name in the dirt; then when he died, poor fellow, I was left penniless with a child, my only comfort. I told Harold all this so often, but he would not listen. He followed me and begged me, and at last I gave in, and now he is treating me like—like—"

I placed my hand before her mouth.

"No, don't say it," said I. "Rather tell me again that your love for him is dead!"

"It is! It is!" she said passionately. "Oh, don't you believe that love can die, even at its strongest, in a moment from a shock like this?"

She reeled, and I caught her in my arms as she fainted.

"Yes, love can die in a moment," I said, looking down on the small white face and the curling masses of hair on my arm. And in a moment also love can be born—love, the king, who enters unannounced. Lo! Even then I heard the flutter of his wings.

Six months later Lord Belmorris was married at St. George's, Hanover square, before a large and fashionable congregation, including royalty, to the great American heiress, Miss Dollars. But his best man was not his old pal, Sir Robert Hastings. He was sitting at that moment in a top room in Smith street with his hand in that of a brown eyed girl, and his arm around a little fair haired child.—Madame.

Monkey Beat the Cobra.

A monkey and a cobra fight was witnessed by some persons a couple of days ago about a mile or two up the Obsoor road at Bangalore. A large monkey disturbed a large cobra, which was basking in the sun about a hundred yards from the road. The infuriated reptile gave the monkey chase, but he took the matter easy till he got to a rock. While perched there the snake, which had been in close chase, reared up almost to full length and with open hood darted at the monkey. But the latter dodged and ducked on the defensive and allowed the reptile to strike forcibly each time against the stone. This went on for a considerable time till the snake lay out at full length, bleeding and exhausted. Then the monkey seized the snake and rubbed its head clean off the trunk and afterward climbed a tree, when the persons who had witnessed the interesting encounter treated the victor to Indian corn and sugar cane.—Lahore Tribune.

Kingsley and the Butterfly.

Charles Kingsley loved well "both man and bird and beast." This feature in his character was curiously displayed one Sunday in church. He was just about to enter the pulpit to preach his sermon when all of a sudden he disappeared from the view of the congregation. What was amiss? It was soon seen, however, that nothing serious had happened. He had only stooped in search of something on the floor, which, when found, he had taken to the vestry. And what was this something, do you think? An injured butterfly which was fluttering about on the ground. Being unable to fly away owing to its injury, Kingsley was afraid it might be trodden on, and so he had interrupted the service of the church until he had removed the wounded insect out of harm's way.

A Wonderful Steam Engine.

In 1874 D. A. A. Buck, an ingenious mechanic of Worcester, Mass., constructed a perfect steam engine of such lilliputian dimensions as to gain for its maker the plaudits of the world. To go into exact details the engine, boiler, pumps, governors and all were so exceedingly small as to only occupy a space seven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, or about the area of an old-fashioned silver three cent piece. It was only five-eighths of an inch high, yet it contained 148 distinct parts, nearly all of which were silver and gold. It was held together by 53 screws, the smallest being but one-hundredth of an inch in length. The engine had all the valves, gearing, etc., to be found on the ordinary horizontal engine. Three drops of water filled the boiler. The engine weighed but 15 grains when clear of the base plate. The diameter of the cylinder was but one-sixteenth of an inch; length of stroke, three-fifty-seconds of an inch.

### COST OF BAD ROADS.

Easy Transportation Would Add to the Value of the Farms.

Experts employed by the department of agriculture to investigate the subject say that the cost of moving farm products from the farms to railroads or shipping points by teams now exceeds \$946,000,000 a year. The average haul in the United States being from about six to nearly seven miles, and the cost per wagon load being \$1.50 in northern and eastern states, says American Cultivator.

In the prairie and southern states the average haul is nearly nine miles, and the cost per wagon load is \$2.72. A fair average for the cost of hauling the farm products to the point of shipment is 25 cents a mile for each ton. The average charge by the railroads for moving these products after they receive them is less than one-half cent a mile, or they carry them over



SOUTHERN SHELL ROAD.

50 miles at the price it costs the farmer to carry them one mile. Good roads would reduce the cost of this hauling by team nearly two-thirds, they say, as the same power moves three tons on a good road that will move one ton over billy and muddy roads.

Although we have not had experience with prairie roads in muddy times, we have had a little chance to know something about roads in the south at such times and can readily believe their statements are not exaggerated, but we think the remedy must finally be found in the use of trolley roads to carry freight from the farms to the markets, where the traffic is large enough to warrant it. They also say that if this expense of transportation to the railroads was reduced by well built permanent highways through every county and township in the United States it would increase the value of farms and farm property at least \$5,000,000,000, which we think is not an extravagant estimate.

### HIGHWAY PROGRESS.

The Demand For Improved Roads Spreading Rapidly.

No more striking revision of popular sentiment on the good roads question has been noticed anywhere than that which, in the last few years, has occurred in New England, says the New York Sun. In Rhode Island, for instance, people were so accustomed to mire and mud that until the use of rubber tires impressed the citizens with the true state of their highways there was little prospect of bettering the conditions. Now the matter has become one of absorbing interest.

Highway engineering in Massachusetts is being prosecuted diligently, and for some time experiments have been conducted in order to determine what material or composition of materials possesses the most desirable properties of compactness and is most likely to resist wear and tear. Road and gravel from adjoining states have been tested and their value for roadmaking passed upon by geologists and engineers.

Reports similar to those from Massachusetts come from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut. What New York has done and hopes to do for the improvement of its highways is pretty generally known. Although the legislative appropriations for this purpose have not so far been so large as the more enthusiastic good roads advocates have desired, the popular demand that the highways of New York shall be inferior to none in the world was never so strong as it is now.

With the greatly increased demand for first class highways, it is very satisfactory to find that the cost of making them is diminishing year by year, not only in California, but elsewhere. The estimated cost per mile of roads in New York state for which petitions were received by the state engineer some months ago was about \$7,000, and this sum is, necessarily, very much in excess of the cost of roads in other parts of the United States. It affords, however, a very significant and gratifying contrast with the cost of first class highways in the days of the Romans, which it is recorded, was about \$50,000 a mile.

### Moving For Good Roads.

Good roads will be a feature of Broome county. Not all our roads will be made at once, but a start has been made, and it will be kept up. The distinction of having as poor roads as any in the state will happily be lost.—Binghamton Republican.

### Kansas' Proposed Road Law.

The coming fall a good roads law will be submitted to the voters of Kansas which proposes to levy a tax of not more than 2 mills on a dollar for a period of not less than five years upon all real, personal and mixed property.

### Mississippi Approved.

Thus far 21 counties in Mississippi have adopted the system of working roads by contract as mapped out in a bill passed at the last session of the legislature.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 7660, The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

### Foley's Honey and Tar

For children, safe, sure. No opiates.

### ANGORA GOATS.

Mohair Profitable Even at Low Prices—Among the Weeds.

It is true that there is but little demand for mohair just now. My mohair was sold at 20 cents per pound, much lower than ever before, but the Angora goat industry is still a good business, even if we should not get over 20 cents per pound for mohair and 6 cents per pound for Angora mutton, and I where we want weeds and brush killed the Angora goat is a great help.

A few years ago the Colorado river washed away a great deal of my field fence and covered the bottom land with cockleburrs all along the river. It looked like a forest of cockleburrs. To save the crop I had to build a new fence, joining the river on the upper side of the field, so the goats could not keep down the weeds along the river inside of the field, but they kept all the cockleburrs eaten up clean as far as they could go. Last winter I hired help to beat down the ripe cockleburrs from the dead bushes inside the field and built a new fence of eight wires parallel with the river and opened the whole bottom to the goats this spring after shearing. At that time the cockleburrs and elder bushes had entirely covered the entire bottom for the distance of nearly a mile, and it looked like the goats would get lost in there, but after about two months I had the great pleasure to see that the bottom was as clean from cockleburrs and elder as pecan gatherers may wish for.

But there is one weed that my goats do not like. It is the wild sage, and of the wild castor beans along the river they do not eat much. I think that sheep will eat wild sage, but do not know if they eat the wild castor bean. I hired help to keep down the castor bean, which the goats will do if there are not too many of them. I think it would be a good plan to keep a few sheep among the goats to keep down wild sage also, concludes H. T. Fuchs in Texas Farm and Ranch.

### HAIRY VETCH.

A Forage Plant Now in the Foreground For Fall Sowing.

Hairy vetch is so much in the agricultural foreground just now that the accompanying sketch may not come amiss to those who have not seen the plant. It is a perennial or biennial from western Asia and has given such



HAIRY VETCH.

fine promise in various parts of the United States as to elicit much approval. The seed is generally sown in drills, with some kind of grain to hold it upright.

It is recommended to sow in fall—August to middle of September—for winter and spring forage. If sown with rye and successfully grown, it will give excellent feed at a time when there is usually a shortage. Wheat and vetch also furnish good green fodder in spring.

### Morning Glories For Sheep Forage.

Morning glories, the annual purple flowered kind, will yield 40 tons of green feed per acre, are drought proof and highly nutritious, equal to the best clover, and can be cut, cured and thrashed. I saw them all over my farm. Sheep annihilate them. They never go to water when they can get them. They can be sown in young cultivated corn and the whole cut up and shocked. They will cut five to seven tons of dry feed per acre.—J. C. Norton, Kansas.

### Varied Crops and Irrigation.

Growing a variety of crops lengthens out the irrigating season and enables the farmer to make better use of his continuous flow, but even this does not even up the difference between maximum supply and maximum use. The greatest necessity is storage until the water is needed.

### You Can Lead a Horse

to water but you can't make him drink.

You can't make him eat either. You can stuff food into a thin man's stomach but that doesn't make him use it.

Scott's Emulsion can make him use it. How? By making him hungry, of course. Scott's Emulsion makes a thin body hungry all over. Thought a thin body was naturally hungry didn't you? Well it isn't. A thin body is asleep—not working—gone on a strike. It doesn't try to use its food.

Scott's Emulsion wakes it up—puts it to work again making new flesh. That's the way to get fat.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 69 West 12th St., N. Y.

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### We Now Have a Large Stock of the

CELEBRATED Zeigler Shoes

And would like for you to come in and inspect them.

There's None Better. And, Quality Considered, Prices are right.

White & Co.,

BURLINGTON, N. C.

### IT'S EASY

For us to sell to a customer who wants CLOTHING

WHY? Because we have the stock and can fit, as well as please, you both in quality of goods and price. If you are stout, lean or regular don't imagine we can't fit you.

OUR MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

Is growing; for the reason that we have only one price, and you can buy as cheap by ordering as if you were in our store. SALESMEN: Dolph Moore,

C. W. Lindsay, Darius Payne,

Charlie Crews, Harry Sergeant and W. H. Matthews.

W. H. Matthews & Co.,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

### Durham Marble Work

You need not be reminded that it is your duty to mark the last resting place of your departed loved ones, but we wish to remind you of our low prices.

C. J. HULIN, Proprietor

We have a complete assortment of the latest patterns and designs. DURHAM, N. C.

### Attention Farmers

We have just received "The Best Made--Roland Chilled" and many other Also new Clover and Rye Seed. We have the Baugh's Fertilizers for all grain grasses. Give us a call before you buy.

Yours in the Lead,

THE ONEIDA STORE COMPANY

Graham, N. C.

### J. E. CARTLAND

Merchant Tailor,

Greensboro, N. C.

New Goods. Up-to-date styles. The Workmanship, and a good fit. We use best of everything.

Team, Track or Surrey Harness Made Repairing Neatly Done.

West 12th St., N. Y.